A N

O D E

TO THE

Creator of the World.

Occasion'd by the

FRAGMENTS of *ORPHEUS.*

Quid prius dicam ſolitis Parentis
Laudibus?——————
Qui mare & terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum. Horat.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Tonſon*, at *Shakeſpear's-Head* over-againſt *Catherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand.* 1713.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

Following ODE.

THAT the Praiſes of the Author of Nature, which is the fitteſt Subject for the Sublime way of Writing, was the moſt antient Uſe of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper Inſtance (next to Examples of Holy Writ,) than from the Greek *Fragments of* Orpheus; *a Relique of great Antiquity: They contain ſeveral Verſes concerning God, and his making and governing the Univerſe; which, tho' imperfect, have many noble Hints and lofty Expreſſions. Yet whether theſe Verſes were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Muſick, who preceded* Homer, *or by* Onomacritus *who lived about the Time of* Piſiſtratus, *and only contain ſome of the Doctrines of* Orpheus, *is a Queſtion of little Uſe or Importance.*

A large Paraphraſe of Theſe in French *Verſe has been prefix'd to the Tranſlation of* Phocilydes, *but in a flat Stile, much inferior to the Deſign. The following Ode, with many Alterations and Additions proper to a Modern Poem, is attempted upon the ſame Model, in a Language which having ſtronger Sinews than the* French, *is, by the Confeſſion of their beſt Critick* Rapin, *more capable of ſuſtaining great Subjects.*

AN

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ODE.

THAT the Praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest Subject for the Sublime vein of Writing, were the most ancient Lyric of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper Instance (next to Examples of Holy Writ) than from the Greek Fragments of Orpheus; a Relique of great Antiquity: They contain several Verses concerning God, and his making and governing the Universe; which, the' imperfect, bear many noble Hints and lofty Expressions. Yet whether whole Verses were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Music, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the Time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the DocTrines of Orpheus, is a Question of little Use or Importance.

A large Paraphrase of Thole in French Verse has been prefix'd to the Translation of Pindar's, but in a flat Stile, much inferior to the Design. The following Ode, with many Alterations and Additions proper to a Modern Poem, is attempted upon the same Model in a Language which having strong Sinews than the French is, by the Confession of their best Critick Rapin, more capable of sustaining great Subjects.

A N O D E

TO THE

Creator of the World.

Occasion'd by the Fragments of Orpheus.

I.

O Muſe unfeign'd! O true cæleſtial Fire,
Brighter than that which rules the Day,
Deſcend! a mortal Tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great immortal Lay;
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated Lyre!
Hence ye Prophane! be far away!
Hence all Ye impious Slaves that bow
To Idol Luſts, or Altars raiſe
And to falſe Heroes give fantaſtick Praiſe!
And Hence ye Gods, who to a Crime your ſpurious
Beings owe!
But hear O Heav'n and Earth and Seas profound!
Hear Ye unfathom'd Deeps below,
And let your ecchoing Vaults repeat the Sound;
Let Nature, trembling all around,

Attend her Maſter's awful Name,
From whom Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and all the wide
Creation came.

II.

He ſpoke the great Command, and Light,
Heav'n's eldeſt-born and faireſt Child,
Flaſh'd in the lowring Face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own Birth, ſerenely ſmil'd.
The Sons of Morning, on the Wing,
Hov'ring in Choirs his Praiſes ſing,
When from th' unbounded vacuous Space
A beauteous riſing World they ſaw;
When Nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd Face,
And Motion took th' eſtabliſh'd Law
To roll the various Globes on high;
When Time was taught his Infant Wings to try,
And from the Barrier ſprung to his appointed Race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, ſtill the ſame!
'Tis He, the great inſpiring Mind,
That animates and moves this Univerſal Frame,
Preſent at once in all, and by no Place confin'd.
Not Heav'n it ſelf can bound his Sway,
Beyond th' untravell'd Limits of the Sky,
Inviſible to Mortal Eye
He dwells in uncreated Day.

Without

Without Beginning, without End; 'tis He
That fills th' unmeasur'd growing Orb of vaft Immenfity.

IV.

What Pow'r but His can rule the changeful Main,
And wake the fleeping Storm, or its loud Rage reftrain?
When Winds their gather'd Forces try,
And the chaf'd Ocean proudly fwells in vain,
His Voice reclaims th' impetuous Roar;
In murm'ring Tides th' Abated Billows fly,
And the fpent Tempeft dies upon the Shore.
The Meteor World is his, Heav'n's Wintry Store,
The moulded Hail, the feather'd Snow;
The Summer Breeze, the foft refreshing Show'r,
The loofe divided Cloud, and many-colour'd Bow;
The crooked Lightning darts around,
His Sov'reign Orders to fulfill;
The fhooting Flame obeys th' Eternal Will,
Launch'd from His Hand, inftructed where to kill,
Or rive the Mountain Oak, or blaft th' unhelter'd [Ground.

V.

Yet pleas'd to blefs, indulgent to fupply,
He, with a Father's tender Care
Supports the numerous Family
That peoples Earth and Sea and Air.
From Nature's Giant Race, th' enormous Elephant,
Down to the Infect Worm and creeping Ant;

From

From th' Eagle, Sov'reign of the Sky,
To each inferior Feather'd Brood,
From Crowns and purple Majesty
To humble Shepherds on the Plains,
His Hand unseen divides to All their Food,
And the whole World of Life sustains.

VI.

At one wide View His Eye surveys
His Works, in every distant Clime;
He shifts the Seasons, Months and Days,
The short-liv'd Offspring of revolving Time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now chearful *Spring* the Circle leads,
And strows with Flow'rs the smiling Meads;
Gay *Summer* next, whom Russet Robes adorn,
And waving Fields of yellow Corn; [spreads;
Then *Autumn*, who with lavish Stores the Lap of Nature
Decrepit *Winter*, laggard in the Dance,
(Like feeble Age oppress with Pain)
A heavy Season does maintain,
With driving Snows and Winds and Rain;
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various Year rowls round again.

VII.

But who, Thou great Ador'd! who can withstand
The Terrors of thy lifted Hand,

When

When long provok'd, thy Wrath awakes,
And conſcious Nature to her Center ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy Voice, the Thunder flies,
Hurling pale Fear and wild Confuſion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable Sound,
The Shock of Earth and Seas, and Labour of the Skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty Creſt?
Where the gay Head of wanton Pride?
See! Tyrants fall, and wiſh the opening Ground
Wou'd take them quick to Shades of Reſt,
And in their common Parent's Breaſt
From thee their bury'd Forms for ever hide;
In vain—for all the Elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd Earth, the ruſhing Sea,
Tempeſtuous Air, and raging Fire,
To puniſh vile Mankind and fight for Thee;
Nor Death it ſelf can intercept the Blow
Eternal is the Guilt, and without End the Woe.

VIII.

O *Cyrus*! *Alexander*! *Julius*! all
Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Ball!
Once Gods of Earth, the living Deſtinies
That made a hundred Nations bow!
Where's your Extent of Empire now?
Say where preſerv'd your Phantom Glory lies?

Can Brass the fleeting Thing secure?
Enshrin'd in Temples does it stay?
Or in huge Amphitheatres endure
The Rage of rowling Time, and scorn Decay?
Ah no! the mouldring Monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded Hopes betray,
Nor shew th' ambitious Founder's Name,
Mix'd with your selves in the same Mass of Clay.

IX.

Proceed my Muse! Time's wasting Thread pursue,
And see at last th' unravell'd Clue,
When Cities sink, and Kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature shall her Work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his Hand the Book of Fate!
Myriads of Spirits fill the Sky
T' attend, with dread Solemnity,
The World's last Scene, and Time's concluding Date.
The feeble Race of short-liv'd Vanity
And sickly Pomp at once shall dye;
Foul Guilt to Midnight Caves will shrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her Flight,
And curse at Heav'n's pursuing Light,
Surrounded with the Vengeance of that Day.

How will you then, ye Impious, ſcape your Doom;
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome!
Your Clouds of painted Bliſs ſhall melt before your Sight;
Yet ſhall you not the giddy Chace refrain,
Nor hope more bold Bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the Joys You knew before;
But ſigh, a long Eternity of Pain,
Toſt in an Ocean of Deſire, yet never find a Shore.

X.

But ſee where the mild Sovereign ſits prepar'd
His better Subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what Pow'r Divine
Tranſports me! what immortal Splendors ſhine!
Torrents of Glory that oppreſs the Sight!
What Joys, celeſtial King! thy Throne ſurround!
The Sun, who, with thy borrow'd Beams ſo bright,
Sees not his Peer in all the Starry Round,
Wou'd here diminiſh'd fade away,
Like his pale Siſter of the Night
When ſhe reſigns her delegated Light,
Loſt in the Blaze of Day.
Here Wonder only can take Place;——
Then Muſe, th' adventrous Flight forbear!
Theſe Myſtick Scenes thou canſt no farther trace;

Hope

Nor can the narrow Cells of human Brain
The vast immeasurable Thought contain.

Nor once repeat the Joys You knew before;
But Ages, a long Eternity of Pain,

Tost in an Ocean of Desire, yet never find a Shore.

X

But see where the mild Sovereign his prepar'd
His better Subjects to reward!

FAIN

Torrents of Glory dart upon his Sight!
What Joys, celestial Kind! thy Throne surround!
The Sun, who, with his Beams so bright,
Sees not his Peers in all the starry Round,

Like his pale Sister of the Night
When the refigns her delegated Light,
Loft in the Blaze of Day;
Here Wonder only can take Place;
Then Mufic, thrilling thro' each Flight pervade
Thefe Myftick Scenes, thou can'ft no farther trace;

Hope